LITERARY TABLET.

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

NOVELTY.

NOVELTY is pleaſing to all. Familiar objects ſoon ceaſe to afford that kind of pleaſure, which their firſt appearance produced. Strong habits are indeed interwoven in the conſtitution of man, the interruption of which fills him with diſquietude, and to eradicate them is extremely difficult; but exquiſite pleaſure and delight are the effects of novelty. Thoſe things which at firſt excited our ſurpriſe, gained our attention, and filled us with the moſt agreeable ſenſations, by acquaintance become unintereſting, and no longer afford thoſe pleaſant emotions, which their preſence once inſpired.

All men are in purſuit of ſome deſirable object, which, when cloſely examined, is diſcovered to be new. Even a ſtory reliſhes according to its novelty. The firſt recital produces a degree of pleaſure, which a repetition ſeldom affords, and the third time we hear it with diſguſt. What then is calculated to gain admiration? That, which, by a continual changing, preſents freſh objects for contemplation.

By new projects and inventions, accompanied with a pompous harangue, and a ſhow of new advantage, the man of the people preſerves their eſteem and admiration. No ſooner does one ſcheme become familiar, and ceaſe to appear wonderful, than another is introduced to keep the mind continually occupied.

Leaving ſpeculative examples, the bare mention of which produces immediate conviction, let us turn our attention a moment to the ſolid ſciences. Here, as in all other things, novelty is agreeable. The pleaſure of Archimedes, on finding the proportions of a triangle, is too well known to need repeating. On diſcovering the ſolution of a mathematical problem, many, within the ſphere of our knowledge, have manifeſted an agreeable ſurpriſe, accompanied with unequivocal demonſtrations of joy and delight, which aroſe entirely from the novelty of the thing; for the ſame ſolution when become familiar is no more regarded as a matter of pleaſure. Its utility remains the ſame, but the delight, which the firſt diſcovery produced, vaniſhes with acquaintance.

What could induce a Newton to purſue his laborious and painful reſearches with ſuch ardor and perſeverance, but the pleaſure ariſing from new diſcoveries? Uſefulneſs to the world, and the honor of being a philoſopher, might be an additional ſpur to his induſtry; but the ſatisfaction, his new acquired knowledge afforded, was alone a ſufficient motive to ſtimulate his mind to the moſt vigorous exertions and unwearied perſeverance. This was the reward of his labors. This was enough to drive him to the cloſeſt application.

Every man has ſome object in view, which he can ſeldom accompliſh without the aſſiſtance of others. Here his abilities are called into action. Knowing, that whatever is new, will gain admirers, he proceeds to invention.

Here we might obſerve the effects of novelty upon faſhion and dreſs, where ſhe rules ſwith unlimited way; we might recognize her footſteps through the various revolutions that have drenched the world in blood; we might behold her lending aſſiſtance to the progreſs of the arts and ſciences, in the uninlightened ages of antiquity, where her unbounded influence over the minds of the vulgar ſhows the extent of her authority. But theſe we paſs in ſilence, and obſerve her power at the preſent day.

The laudable deſire of new diſcoveries is not confined to men of deep knowledge and penetrating genius. It reigns from the king to the peaſant. The mechanic and philoſopher each endeavors to exceed his predeceſſors; each ſeeks applauſe by his diſcoveries and inventions.

So attached to novelty is the generality of mankind, that many things are forſaken merely on account of their antiquity, and rejected becauſe they have long been familiar. As the palate has a diſreliſh for the ſame food long continued, and the eye is wearied by ſteadily looking at the ſame object; ſo the mind, by long contemplating the ſame thing, becomes cloyed, and turns from it to the purſuit of thoſe whoſe recent appearance recommends them as the proper objects of attention.

I would not be underſtood to inſinuate that every new thing is the beſt, or that all old things, which ceaſe to pleaſe, are unprofitable, or unworthy of notice. No—Many of our old cuſtoms, though now rejected to prepare room for the inventions of the day, deſerve our warmeſt approbation.

Formerly, to travel in the road from Miſery to Happineſs, vigilance and circumſpection were neceſſary, leſt the difficulties of the way ſhould divert the attention of the traveller from the object of his journey. But man's deſire for new things has invented a more eaſy path. He can now take a much ſhorter courſe, and avoid thoſe tireſome hills and dangerous precipices, which coſt ancient pilgrims ſo much labor and anxiety. Yes, new inventers are plenty, who by one large ſtride, one prodigious leap, will carry a man over all former difficulties, and, as they affirm, place him ſafe in the regions of happineſs. Invention does not ſtop here. Another claſs of men are urging their new ſchemes to pleaſe the world and gain admirers. Theſe would gladly make us believe that mind is matter, that the ſame cauſe, which diſſolves the corporeal ſyſtem, puts a period to conſciouſneſs, and man drops into oblivion. The fatal influence of ſuch ſentiments, upon one of the European nations is too freſh in memory to need recapitulation.

Of this univerſal love of novelty every man, who ſeeks the accompliſhment of any particular object, does not fail to take every poſſible advantage. This is manifeſt by the multitude of publications that appear in the world. An author finds ready market for his productions by juſt informing the public, that his books contain things entirely new. What is this, but a concluſive evidence, that the world is pleaſed with novelty.

P. S.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air."

IT would not, we preſume, be extravagant to pronounce this one of the happieſt alluſions ever drawn by the pen of fancy. Our author is repreſenting genius cramped by poverty or loſt in obſcurity, which he compares to a diamond in the bottom of the ſea where it muſt remain forever uſeleſs and unadmired; or a flower growing in the deſert unfolding its beauties in vain, and waſting its fragrance on the lone gales of the wilderneſs.

In ſome ſituations in life talents muſt lie dormant, genius bud and bloſſom unnoticed and wilt and expire unlamented. How can he, who has nothing to beſtow, evince his charity? He cannot—although his benevolence extend to the whole human race and his heart bleed for the unfortunate, *he cannot* —he has no way to demonſtrate his philanthropy or convince mankind how much he feels intereſted in their welfare.

Obſcurity of birth and ſituation, oftentimes, conceals a man from public notice. Diſheartened by the reſpect, which is paid to parentage and urbanity, and conſcious that he can boaſt of neither; he dares not, although he feels it to be his duty, come forward and act himſelf. Senſible that every truth, preferred by ſo feeble an advocate, can avail nothing, he mourns in ſecret the follies of the great, and only repels with a ſigh, the calamities brought upon his country by the wickedneſs and imbecility of its rulers.

It is a truth to which experience bears teſtimony, that undue deference has ever been

given to the opinions of the *well-born* in every age and country. The ſtory told by Solomon, of the poor wiſe man, whoſe wiſdom ſaved the city, and whoſe labors with himſelf were ſo ſoon forgotten, is a finiſhed picture of ingratitude. It is ſufficient to unhinge the hopes of every child of emulation, who has no other ſtaff on which to lean than his own talents and virtue. How can he unſupported, ever expect to arrive at diſtinction and climb the craggy ſteep of fame, while pride and power *before*, and envy and detraction *behind*, all conſpire to keep him back.

Rich and *powerful*, are terms, which at the preſent day, ſtand almoſt ſynonymous with wiſe and good, at leaſt they recommend a man quite as well. It is abſurd to ſuppoſe the children of the wiſe and opulent, better by nature than others. A King may be the parent of a knave, the miſer of a pauper, and a philoſopher of an ideot. Who can ſay that the peaſant's humble cottage has not given birth to as much beauty and virtue as were ever conceived within the walls of a palace? Yet one becomes the ſubject of eulogy and admiration, while the other is ſuffered to "*bluſh unſeen.*" Are not theſe things wrong? Ought not the gates of honour to be thrown open to merit indiſcriminately, that every ſon of genius may riſe in proportion to his worth? Or muſt he be forever prohibited from entering the portals of fame and treading the paths of glory, merely becauſe he was not born in the lap of luxury, or becauſe his anceſtors have never taſted the *loaves* and *fiſhes* of government, nor ſlaked their thirſt at the fountain of power. &.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE MORALIST—No. IV.

LET me congratulate you, my friend, ſaid I advancing, on the virtuous reſolutions which you have ſo judiciouſly formed. You have been directed to juſt concluſions. The advancing of our own happineſs in connection with that of others is the only baſis on which can be erected a fabric of Moral Philoſophy which will endure the teſt of experience—this *muſt* be the only one, for it is evidently deſigned by the God of nature. It is conſiſtent with our reaſon: it is adapted to univerſal comprehenſion—does not run into the mazes of metaphyſical diſquiſition. This alone can be reduced to practice; at leaſt, without a regard to this rule, ſociety could not long exiſt. True it is that men *are* not all governed at all times by this principle. Their ignorance of it, their miſtakes in its application, and above all their ſelfiſh paſſions introduce diſorder and miſery. Yet like Lot in Sodom, enough of this ineſtimable principle remains to preſerve ſociety.

The excellency of your foundation appears from the ill ſucceſs of every ſyſtem built on any other. Obſerve the fate of the ſelfiſh ſcheme. Let the ambitious man, (whoſe ambition is ſelfiſhneſs itſelf,) aſſume the reins of Government and tyrannize over his fellows; let him grow mad with power, and eſſay to govern nations; his unhappineſs increaſes with his paſſions; he is more miſerable than the wretch whom his oppreſſion binds to the oar, or condemns to the ſpade. The votary of pleaſure is not more ſucceſsful. Let him drain the intoxicating bowl; let him exalt himſelf to the rank of a beaſt in enjoying the delights of the Epicure. With the juice of the grape he drinks in madneſs. The art of the cook in preparing the feaſt is only this to render the poiſonous ſeeds of diſeaſe and death agreeable to his palate. Purſue then, Aſtatos, the path you have ſo happily choſen. You will doubtleſs, on innumerable occaſions, find your inclination at variance with your *duty*; for we are all poſſeſſed of ſome degree of excluſive ſelfiſhneſs, and you have paſſions as well as others. It has doubtleſs coſt you many and great ſtruggles to give up what you formerly eſteemed pleaſures. Theſe ſtruggles will return; and you will not always feel that attachment to the general good, that warm benevolence which appears to poſſeſs your heart on this firſt diſcovery of the beauty and excellency of truth. But never ſacrifice to preſent intereſt or inclination the rule of conduct which you have adopted. This is the compaſs which, if you uſe it, will guide you ſafely through this dangerous and ſtormy ſea. But you will ſee a thouſand inviting objects to allure you from the cauſe in which it directs you; you will often diſtruſt your faithful guide, often aver it varies from the pole; nay, you will ſometimes be ready to caſt it overboard, and truſt yourſelf to the uncertain direction of the ſtars. But it is at your peril if you do not follow its directions. I there took leave of my young friend, and as I returned to my lodgings, it occurred to me that a relation of his caſe to the public might not be improper, as there are doubtleſs many youth in a ſituation like that he has juſt abandoned; that is, with regard to any ſyſtem of moral conduct, they are yet indetermined, yet afloat on the horrid ocean of thoughtleſſneſs and indifference. With a view to their advantage the communication has been made.

SELECTIONS.

A receipt to make an epic poem.

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a *genius*. I ſhall here endeavor, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifeſt, that an epic poem, may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe, who confeſs they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it *with money*, and if a profeſſed cook cannot do it *without*, he has his art for nothing: the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *recipe*, by which any author in the *bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffery of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece,) thoſe parts of the ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long deſcriptions*: put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a *hero*, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*: it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your *hero*: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any *other perſon*, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities, which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an *honeſt man*. For the *under characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe; ſeparate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occaſions, to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *ſpirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities; when you cannot extri-

cate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his art of poetry.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

That is to ſay, *a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *tempeſt.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe, of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quick-ſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a *battle.* Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *ſkirmiſh.* Seaſon it well with *ſimilies*, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning town.* If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil,) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the conflagration, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *ſuccedaneum.*

As for *ſimilies* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *bookſeller.* [*Swift.*

The Genius of SHAKESPEARE *and* MILTON *contraſted.*

THE Italian writers compare the poem of Arioſto to a garden of melons; where thoſe that are good are excellent, and thoſe that are bad, are worth nothing. On the other hand, Taſſo is aſſimilated to a bed of cucumbers; where all are ripe and ſound, but deſtitute of that delicious reliſh which pleaſes the moſt refined taſte.

Shakeſpeare (to uſe this alluſion) is a wild garden; where peaches, plumbs and apples, are found; ſome crude, ſome ſour, ſome rotten, but ſome incomparable. He is a vineyard of plenty where many of the fineſt branches are ruined, for want of the pruning-knife. Shakeſpeare, like the world, is full of good and evil; but his worſt fare is ſo tempting, that we have not power to refrain from it. But the chaſte, the ſublime Milton, is, like his own Eden,

"A happy rural ſeat of various view."

And his work is that fertile ground, out of which

"He caus'd to grow
All trees of noble kind: for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the *tree of life*,
High, eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit,
Of vegetable gold."

Nature is ſo arranged by him, as to receive an additional luſtre from art; and the exuberance of the earth appears more than the labor of the cultivator.

Shakeſpeare, when he ſoars, is borne by a muſe of fire beyond human ſight; but Milton, in his grandeſt moments, retains the light of reaſon. His ecſtacies are the ecſtacies of a philoſopher: Shakeſpeare's are the flights of an inviſible being. Notwithſtanding this, their ſpirits are ſomewhat congenial; for allowing the variation of the epic from the dramatic they move us by the ſame golden ſprings of pathos. In the art of exciting terror, I am not ſure but that Shakeſpeare is ſuperior; for inſtance, the dream of Eve is painted rather tamely, though in juſt and beautiful colors; while Clarence's viſion diſplays the inmoſt receſſes of horror, apprehenſion, pity, judgment, and admirable fancy. The characters of Satan and Macbeth are both, indeed, extremely well managed, and in my opinion extremely alike; they have the ſame courage, the ſame undaunted ambition, uncurbed freedom of will, and ſpirited fortitude in the hour of deſtruction. They both are conſcious of their ingratitude and wickedneſs, both ſtubborn and relentleſs, and even in the midſt of their ſucceſs, they ſeem to feel a boding of the conſequences. The addreſs of the arch-infidel to the ſun, is a noble deſcription of the remorſe attendant on conſcience; it ſhews that even Lucifer himſelf could not but find its ſting. Macbeth, in almoſt every ſituation, confeſſes his guilt, yet plunges into deeds of tenfold horror. Lady Macbeth alſo might be introduced here, but female tenderneſs denies her ſavage temper. The moſt apparent touch that diſtinguiſhes Macbeth from Satan, is in his cowardice and mean prevarication; he exclaims,

"Thou canſt not ſay I did it,"

to Banquo's ghoſt, becauſe he only *commanded* his aſſaſſination: Milton's hero gloried in his undoing; and,

"Fierce his graſped arms,
Claſh'd on his ſounding ſhield the din of war,
Hurling defiance to the vault of heaven."

Shakeſpeare is like a cataract, at one time ruſhing through rocks and caverns foaming and terrifying; then ſinking into a ſluggiſh calm, with nothing but the *bubbles* of his former ſublimity. Milton is a full, not overflowing river; and, like the river to the ſea, haſtening towards his illuſtrious deſign, never pauſing, and ſeldom dangerous to the paſſengers. The very foibles of one are deluſive and charming; but the other, if ever he ſhould deſcend, is flat, and liable to inferiority from the nature of his performance. The wild ſcenery of Shakeſpeare is the unconnected magic of Merlin, variouſly diverting: that of Milton is like Pluto's Elyſium; enchanting, yet built on the baſis of an opinion which bears the air of probability.

In a word, the former was a man of many faults and many virtues; the latter nearly a pattern of perfection; perfection attained by ſtudy and dint of learning. Shakeſpeare was the child of fancy: Milton the child of judgment. Milton was the poet and critic too: Shakeſpeare the poet only; but ſuch a one, as "we ne'er ſhall loook upon his like again." *Dermody.*

TEMPERANCE.

The reader will ſmile at the pleaſantry as well as approve the good ſenſe of the following thoughts on Temperance, taken from "The Invalid," by the late Rev. R. Graves:—

"It has been obſerved, that all other animals beſides man are contented with one ſpecies of food; fleſh, fiſh, or fowl, or vegetables; and never encroach on that of different ſpecies.

"The lion, though inveſted with ſovereign power, and living in regal ſtyle, is contented with the leg of a calf or the haunch of a ſtag; never thinks of a ſecond courſe, or of a deſert or even of a ſauce, cauliflower, or carrot, pickled cucumber, or the like.

"The eagle alſo, king of the birds, feaſts himſelf and his royal family, the young princes and the infants, on a brace of pheaſants, a turkey, or a dozen of pigeons; but would not debaſe himſelf by ſtooping to a neſt of larks or robin red-breaſts, for a ſecond courſe.

"But man, as lord of the creation, by his prerogative, falls foul of whatever comes in his way, and ranſacks the univerſe to gratify his voracious appetite: the fowls of the air, the fiſhes of the ſea, the beaſts of the foreſt, with vegetables of every ſpecies; not only herbs which were intended for the uſe of man, but roots, which ſeem reſerved for the food and the ſnouts of hogs; nay, even the excreſcences of nature, muſhrooms and truffles, indigeſtible ſubſtances, which, if they were ever intended to be eaten, it muſt probably have been by the inhabitants of the infernal regions.

"If temperence, however, regulated our uſe of thoſe various articles of food with which Providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty, and cooked them with plainneſs and ſimplicity, they might be, what Providence intended them, inſtead of what we too often make them, a bleſſing and not a curſe. But when we torture them in taking away their lives, as we often do, and ſcarify, carbonade and bedevil their fleſh, not only with pepper and ſalt, as we do the gizzard of a turkey, but add a little nutmeg, a little cinnamon, a blade of mace, with chalots and onions, &c. and eat it with oil, vinegar, and muſtard; ſuch an heterogeneous mixture, inſtead of producing a lacteous chyle, flowing through the alimentary canal, like the ſtream of Arno, muſt become a cauſtic fluid, ruſhing like the fiery torment of Veſuvius, harrowing up and tearing the veſſels; or at leaſt generate fevers, calentures, and every diſeaſe incident to the human body."

Another number of the Tablet may be expected next Wedneſday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

My only claim's an honeſt heart.

MY LOVE,
Wilt thou go hence with me,
Stem life's broad tempeſtuous ocean,
Tempt dangers both of land and ſea,
Mid dire diſtreſs, or war's commotion ?

Should ſickneſs ever lay me low,
Should pain ſtand hov'ring o'er my bed,
Then wilt thou ſoothe affliction's woe,
And on thy boſom reſt my head.

In fortune's favors I've no part,
Bloodſtain'd laurels never knew,
My only claim's an honeſt heart,
Conſtant in love, in friendſhip true.

But He who dwells afar on high,
Rides on the whirlwind, calms the ſea,
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
Will ſure protect both you and me.

F——.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Roſe-Tree, the Gardener, and the Shrubs.

A ROSE-TREE, exquiſitely fair,
With ſweets embalm'd the paſſing air :
In vermeil tints and tender dyes,
It match'd the bluſh of morning ſkies,
And ſoft beneath its ſhade was found
A ſhelter for the flow'rets round ;
The humbleſt primroſe of the dale
There ſought a refuge from the gale ;
For vain the ruder ſtorms oppoſe
What's ſhelter'd by this lovely Roſe ;
And vain ſhall guſts of envy blow,
Where Shrubs in ſoft protection grow.

A Gard'ner leaning on his ſpade
By chance this lovely Roſe ſurvey'd,
And oh ! ſaid he, how oft with toil
Theſe hands have till'd Parnaſſian's ſoil ;
How oft Poetic ground I've trod,
Obedient to the Muſes nod ;
How long have thrown my plants about,
Till ſcarce I find the nurſelings out !
'Tis time that all were rang'd together,
And ſafely fenc'd from wind and weather ;
For ill they brook the public ſtorm,
And aſk ſome ſouthern aſpect warm.
But ſcatter'd thus in wild diſorder,
Without the ſafeguard of a border,
They ſeem like Briars by the road
To want a viſible abode,
And ſtand expos'd to every thief
Who ſtrips the Laurel of its leaf.

Now yonder Roſe that looks ſo fair,
Ah ! my poor plants that ye might ſhare
Such ſhelter ! and tho' weak ye be,
How would you thrive near yonder tree ?

The gen'rous Roſe-Tree bloom'd conſent,
And to his taſk our Gard'ner went ;
And tho' faint Pinks and Field Flowers wild
And uſeleſs Furze the wreath compil'd,
A fancy Lilac fring'd with Rhyme,
Hawthorn and variegated Thyme,
With here and there of Bays a ſprig,
A Cypreſs bough and Myrtle twig,
Mixt with full many a weed that grows,
Where'er a mortal flow'ret blows.
Still the fair Roſe-Tree ſmil'd benign,
As guardian goddeſs of the ſcene,
And the ſlight Garland which he plann'd,
Accepted from our Gard'ner's hand.

The opening of the Ninth Book of the Henriade

TRANSLATED.

ON the fair confines of Idalia's ſhore,
Where Europe ends, and Aſia opes her ſtore,
Love's ancient palace rears its rev'rend head,
Whoſe rich foundations were by Nature laid ;
Whoſe beauteous ſtructure, Art, her rival, grac'd
With fineſt touches of peculiar taſte.
There, all the charming neighborhood around,
Perpetual ſummer paints the ſmiling ground.
To wave the myrtle, and to woo the roſe,
The tender South is all the gale that blows ;
Sun, without cloud, exerts a foſtering power,
The clime to ſuckle in eternal flower.
Pomona triumphs o'er her burniſh'd bough,
And Terra aſks no profits from the plough ;
Superior Nature ſmiles at Mortal aid,
And ſpurns alike the ſickle and the ſpade.
Spontaneous harveſts glad the roving ſight,
And peace and plenty urge to ſoft delight.
Here, once again, the times of gold appear,
And every charm, but—Innocence is here ;
No jarring jargon of a world at ſtriſe
Pervades the am'rous languiſhments of life,
But touching airs, which harmony inſpires,
Trill to the ſoftneſs of a thouſand lyres ;
A thouſand lovers tune the tender voice,
And, amiably weak, defend their choice ;
The bleſt enthuſiaſts drown the ſenſe of wrong
In the ſweet chorus of th' impaſſion'd ſong.
Freſh wreaths of roſe their fragrant fronts adorn,
From Flora's boſom pillag'd every morn ;
Half-naked Graces near the Temple ſtand,
To add new converts to Love's happy land ;
Or elſe repos'd on beds of riſing flowers,
In touching ſilence try their various powers—
The care that melts, the tender breathing ſigh,
The whiſpering wiſh, the pleaſure moving eye,
The anxious hope, the tear that tells deſire.
The ſmile of frolic, and the bluſh of fire.

[*The Critical Reviewers, in their remarks upon a new traſlation of* ANACREON, *by Mr.* Moore, *ſelect the following exquiſite addreſs to the Roſe, as beautiful as the ſubject on which it is written, for a ſpecimen of his poetical ſpirit and powers of verſification.*]

THE ROSE.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed Spring,
Reſplendent Roſe ; to thee we'll ſing—
Reſplendent Roſe, the flower of flowers,
Whoſe breath perfumes Olympus' bowers ;
Whoſe virgin bluſh, of chaſten'd dye,
Enchants ſo much our mortal eye ;
When pleaſure's bloomy ſeaſon glows,
The Graces love to twine the Roſe ;
The Roſe is warm, Dione's bliſs,
And fluſhes like Dione's kiſs !
Oft has the poet's magic tongue,
The Roſe's fair luxuriance ſung ;
And long the muſes, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful ſhades,
When at the early glance of morn,
It ſleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis ſweet to dare the tangled fence,
And cull the timid flower thence,
And wipe with tender hand away,
The tears that on its bluſhes lay !
'Tis ſweet to hold the infant ſtems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And freſh inhale the ſpicy ſighs,
That from the weeping buds ariſe.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our roſy fillets ſcent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale !
When morning paints the orient ſkies,
Her fingers burn with roſeate dies ;
The nymphs diſplay the Roſe's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
Through Cytherea's form it glows
And mingles with the living ſnows.
The Roſe diſtils a healing balm,
The beating pulſe of pain to calm ;
Preſerves the cold inured clay,
And mocks the veſtige of decay.
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuſes odour e'en in death !
Oh ! whence could ſuch a plant have ſprung ?
Attend—for thus the tale is ſung :—
When, humid from the ſilvery ſtream
Effuſing beauty's warmeſt beam,
Venus appear'd in fluſhing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews—
When in the ſtarry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove,
Diſclos'd the nymph of azure glance—
The nymph who ſhakes the martial lance !
Then, then in ſtrange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which ſprung with bluſhing tinctures dreſt,
And wanton'd o'er its parent's breaſt.
The Gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Roſe—the boon of earth !
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The ſweetly-orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who ſheds the teeming vine ;
And bade them on the ſpangled thorn
Expand their boſoms to the morn !

FROM THE N. Y. EVENING POST.

TO THE VIOLET.

Little modeſt, fairy flow'r,
Smiling as the dawn of May,
Proudly own thy one bright hour,
Gaily flaunt thy life away !

Little boaſter, where, oh where
Are the tints that glow'd ſo bright ?
Damp with death the dewy air
Froze them in the tears of night !

So, the world's ungen'rous ſcorn
Blights each hope that Fancy gave ;
So, the heart, indignant, torn,
Shrouds it in the ſilent grave !

LAURA.

EPITAPH
ON EDWARD PURDON.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from miſery freed,
Who long was a bookſeller's hack ;
He led ſuch a horrible life in this world,
I don't think he'll wiſh to come back.